FAMILIAR OLD HYMNS

SONGS THAT WERE POPULAR TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Many of Them Retain Their Place in Church Music and Will Never Pass Away.

STRAINS OF SWEET BYE AND BYE

RECALL OLD DAYS TO A SENATE-AVENUE PEDESTRIAN.

Title of Some Immortal Hymns and Stories of Their Origin—Famous Song Writers.

A CONTRALTO voice, not strong, but filled with the pathos of intense feeling, rose clear and sweet above the others that voiced an old-time hymn. The solitary pedestrian who hurried down Senate avenue at about the intersection of Tenth, stopped to listen. It was 11 o'clock and the sweet old tune fell on the ears of the man, troubled as he was with thoughts of life's incessant struggle, like a benediction.

"It's the 'Sweet Bye and Bye,' he said to himself, and I haven't heard it in years." He waited for the second verse to begin and listened till the last note died away. The music came from a house that set back in the shadows of a wooded lawn. The blinds were drawn and the house looked dark. The man who stood outside and waited wondered why this old-fashioned melody should be sung at such a time. The voices were those of trained singers. He wondered if it could be a church choir practicing for the Sunday service. The fact that the song was one that was relegated to the village choir many years ago told him he was wrong. His final conclusion might have been the correct one. He decided that some one lay ill in the house—some one who enjoyed the songs of earlier days—and that a little company of singers had been asked to come in and join their voices in the good old melody that must have been sweet music to the ears of the stricken one.

They had started on another verse as he started down the street. It recalled old memories of the village choir and the old-fashioned family organ and the tuning fork. The musical director who would stand up before his fashionable choir these days, bite the prongs of the "tuning fork" and hold the instrument to his ear to get the right pitch before starting the hymn would be laughed out of church no doubt. A story is told of good Elder Van Cleave, a veteran Baptist minister of Crawfordsville, who is now with the saints. Years ago when he used to lead the singing in his church a new man from the East joined his flock. The new member brought with him new ideas and among them was the tuning fork. Elder Van Cleave did not take to it and one morning in his sermon he alluded to the new musical director. "There is Brother Johnson," said he, "wanting to teach us to sing by note—now, what does God Almighty know about notes?"

SUNG WITH ROUSING EFFECT.

Men and women who went to church twenty-five and even fifty years ago have not forgotten some of the hymns that used to be sung with rousing effect. Who does no remember the old hymn, the first line or two of the first verse of which ran, "There is a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign." This used to be a favorite hymn to close the revival service with and was known as an "invitation" hymn. A favorite verse ran:

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscapes o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

This song was written by Isaac Watts, a young Englishman, who, when eighteen years old, became disgusted with the ungraceful rhymes that were used in the church he attended. He got his inspiration while sitting at his window in Southampton. He looked across the River Itchen, and beyond was the Isle of Wight, glorious in its spring verdure and foliage. A story is told of a poor soldier during the Crimean war, who, on a bitterly cold night, suffered so intensely that he resolved to commit suicide. He heard a voice singing, "There is a land of pure delight," etc., and was so inspired with hope that he called out to the singer, who came to him and helped him.

Another good old hymn is the one written by Phoebe Carey, which used to be so popular and is yet sung occasionally. The first verse ran like this:

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er.
I am nearer heaven to-day
Than I have ever been before.

It is a matter of history that this eloquent old song once drove a man out of a Chinese gambling hell. Two men were playing the great American game of poker, in the far-away Orient. Both were Americans. One was a very young man and the other was a man of forty. In the midst of the clinking of glasses and in the profanity and the generally immoral atmosphere, the young fellow leaned back in his chair, yawned lazily and began to sing, "One sweetly solemn thought," etc. His companion threw down his cards, pushed his brandy bottle away from him and rose from the table. "Where did you hear that song, Harry?" he asked. "Oh, over in America, I guess," said the young man carelessly. "Well, I can't stand it to hear you sing it here," said his companion. "Let's go out of here." They left the resort, the older man declaring he would never touch another card or drink another glass of brandy. The lines that have comforted so many Christian hearts awakened an old memory in his own wicked heart and were the cause of his reformation. Miss Carey wrote the song in 1852. "I composed it in a little back, third-story bedroom one Sunday morning after coming home from church," she once said.

IN SOME UNUSUAL PLACE.

Now and then one hears of an old church hymn being sung in some unusual place, usually with a view to reclaiming some fallen one. One of the ancient hymns was, perhaps, never sung under more remarkable circumstances than is described by Gilbert Parker in that unhappy story known as "The Right of Way." Parker tells how the hero of the story, Charley Steele, leaned against the bar in the low river resort, and in the midst of a mob of desperate ruffians who were thirsting for his blood, coolly sang,

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

Perhaps one of the most popular of the older hymns is the good old missionary tune, "From Greenland's Icy Mountain."

Every church congregation in this country and England has, no doubt, sung it. It is among the oldest of the church hymns. One of the most interesting occasions connected with the singing of this hymn was that of a revival of religion on the United States frigate North Carolina, in 1858. The Rev. Louis Albert Banks, who wrote "Immortal Hymns and Their Story," describes the scene. A number of converted sailors were one day comparing nationalities and found that they came from ten different countries. When the last man stated that he had been born in Greenland one of the others began to sing:

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from errors chain.

These converted sailors all joined in the song with tearful joy. The hymn was written by Reginald Heber, the poet bishop of India, who was, as yet, only the rector of an Episcopal church in Shropshire, England.

An old volume entitled "Psalms and Hymns," published in 1843, and which was much in use in primitive days, contains four verses of a hymn entitled "Hell." Two verses follow:

Far from the utmost verge of day,
Those gloomy regions lie,
Where flames amid the darkness play,
The worm shall never die.

The breath of God, his angry breath,
Supplies and fans the fire;
Then sinners taste the second death,
And would, but can't, expire.

COURAGE FOR THE DYING.

Another hymn in this ancient book is meant to give courage to the dying. "Fears of Death Removed" is its title. A verse is as follows:

Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are.
Death is the gate of endless joy.
And yet we dread to enter there.
The pains, the groans and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away.

Cardinal Newman's beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was penned in 1833, and is, consequently, an old one, but, like "Nearer, my God, to Thee," seems to grow better with age.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

One writer, commenting on this song, declares it was "the outcome of a long and painful mental struggle." The song was written on the Mediterranean sea. Dr. Newman was sailing in an orange boat coming home from Sicily. They had been becalmed for a week and he was terribly impatient to get home. Although in a restless, uncertain condition he wrote the lines that have since brought peace to many an aching heart.

VERSATILE AMERICAN WOMAN

Mrs. Thomas Power O'Connor, who was Miss Elizabeth Paschal, of Texas, has earned the title of "the most versatile woman in London." Not only is she a brilliant dramatist and a delightful actress, but is accounted one of the most charming of hostesses and finds time to entertain lavishly. Her husband is a member of the British Parliament and a well-known writer.

RELIGION OF THE INDIANS.

General Burt, Who Knows Them Well, Says They Are Devout.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

FORT MYER, Va., Oct. 28.—There are doubtless few people in this section of the country other than those who have made a study of the subject that for one moment believe that the Indian is given to religion, yet I can say, probably as a matter of interesting information, that not since the beginning of the world has Christian, Moslem, Mohammedan or Buddhist been more devoted to his religious tenets than has the red man of the plains—and this does not refer to those who have come under the civilizing influences of the missionaries sent to the West by Christian organizations.

The religion of the Indian is mingled and interwoven with every phase of his life; and no project of any kind, governmental, social or individual, is ever undertaken without first obtaining the sense or disposition of the deities on the subject. One is the "good god," aiding the Indian to the best of his ability in all his undertakings, whether good or bad, and (without reference to abstract right or morality, of which the Indian has no conception) always and under all circumstances his friend and assistant. From him comes all the pleasurable things of life; warmth, food, joy, success alike in the chase, love and war. The other is the "bad god," always his enemy and injuring him at all times and places, when not restrained by the good god. From the bad god comes all suffering, pain and disaster. He brings the cold, he drives away the game, and through his power the Indian is tortured with wounds or writhes in death.

Constant conflict, of which the Indian is the subject, is going on constantly between the two gods with varying results. Having no inward sense of right or wrong, and no idea of any moral accountability, either present or future, the Indian attributes to the direct action of one great power all the good and to the other great power all the bad that may happen to him. For his devoted and unremitting services on behalf of the Indian the good god demands nothing in return—no adulation, no prayers, not even thanks. He is the Indian's friend, as the bad one is his enemy, for some inscrutable reason of his own, which the Indian does not undertake to divine.

While the Indian believes in another life after death the two gods do not extend to it, but are restricted entirely to the benefits and injuries in this world, and his status after death does not in any way depend either on his own conduct while living, or on the will of either of the two gods.

It must be understood that the Indian can do no wrong; in other words, he has no moral sense whatever. Greed, incontinence and other traits which we call vices are as natural to him as to any other animal, and under no greater restraint than brute instinct or fear. He may be punished corporally for a crime against his chief or tribe. He may have to pay ponies for stabbing another Indian or for taking away his wife, but all crimes and peccadilloes bring or do not bring their punishment in this world. Whatever his character, whatever the actual deeds done in the flesh, the Indian, when dead, goes at once to the happy hunting grounds, unless debarred by accident.

There are two ways in which the Indian soul can be kept out of the happy hunting grounds. The first by scalping the head of the dead body. No scalped Indian can ever inherit the kingdom of heaven. Hence the eagerness of each tribe to scalp all their enemies, and the care they take to prevent being themselves scalped. This superstition was often the occasion for the display of the very best traits of Indian character.

The other method by which an Indian is cut off from his heaven is by hanging. The Indian believes that the soul escapes from the body by the mouth, which, at the moment of dissolution, opens by itself to allow a free passage. Should death ensue by hanging or strangulation, the soul can never escape, but must always remain with the body, even after complete decay. This death, has, therefore, more terrors than any other to the Indian, and he would rather submit to a thousand deaths at the stake, with all the tortures that ingenuity can devise, than die by hanging.

There is no hell or purgatory for the Indian. The souls of all the dead reach the same place, except those annihilated by scalping, or those condemned to live for all time and eternity with the putrid or decomposed bodies which die by strangulation. Believing that no line of conduct of his own can avail him for good or evil, feeling his helplessness or entire dependence, or the relative powers of the two great beings who fight continually for or against him, the Indian's first and most important concern is to find some sure means of discovering which of the gods has the ascendency for him at any particular time. This is by divination.

While each warrior head of a lodge is the priest for himself and family, there is in each tribe a "medicine chief," who may be called the bishop of the diocese. He is usually a man of strongly marked character, with brains savoir faire, and knowledge of men sufficient to enable him to sustain his rather difficult role. He is necessarily the head of a band, though his spiritual duties in no way debar him from temporal command or even from service in the field. As a rule, however, he is content with the ease and dignity of his position and relies upon his influence with the head chief for prompt punishment of any contempt or violation of his orders by an individual of the tribe.

The Indian, not being a worker, has no need of a Sabbath day. No regular time is set apart for the ordinary duties of religion. The priest is not, therefore, expected to perform any ceremonies, and his duties seem to consist principally in taking care of himself and family in all distributions of game killed, in maintaining his precedence and superior sanctity by a studied noninter-course with the commons of the tribe, and by occasional visits to a sick man, for which he is paid if the patient recovers. To his priestly office he unites the professional duties of a physician and surgeon. These require no special knowledge of the healing art, for as all disease is only the presence of the bad god, if "he" be exorcised by the spiritual power of the priest the patient will get well at once. This exorcism is supposed to be accomplished by incantation—the performance of mysterious ceremonies to the music of most doleful wails and lugubrious howls, sufficient one might suppose to drive out the most obstinate devils.

ANDREW S. BURT.

ARCHITECTURE.

The One Art Which Has Made No Advance in Hundreds of Years.

"We will construct buildings of the classic style of architecture just as the old Greeks and Romans did."

This is the first sentence is a very well-written article from Washington to the Journal under date of Oct. 24. It was signed by your correspondent J. E. M. As a matter of newspaper work it was exceedingly well done. The closing sentence of the first paragraph is as follows: "The old Greeks and Romans would not have built a temple for an office building, but they would have built an office building on the lines of an old Greek temple." The quotations are from remarks from James Knox Taylor, supervising architect of the Treasury Department. Mr. Taylor is the best architect who has been in the government office for many years. Mr. Taylor is sincere. He wants to do what is right. It is hardly fair to quote a man at second hand, no matter how serious or skillful the correspondent who writes the interview may be. It is a matter of fact, however, that the quotations as made and as expressed by your correspondent accurately represent the sentiment of the architects and the architectural spirit of this time. Mr. Taylor has the sentiment, support and sympathy of most of the architects of this country when he says: "We will construct buildings of the classic style of architecture just as the old Greeks and Romans did." How absurd is this! However, it represents the condition of architecture in the world to-day.

The art of architecture is the only art which rests solely and only on the traditions of the past. There has been no real, vital expression or thought in the art of architecture since the sixteenth century. The art of architecture is the one dead art. A few have struggled to show the spirit and life and sentiment of modern times, but the shackles of tradition have been too strong. We expect the architecture of the old Greeks and Romans as a matter of course, and no one has the spirit or strength or artistic insight to controvert it. Think of this sentence again: "We will construct buildings of the classic style of architecture just as the old Greeks and Romans did." That is what we are doing in architecture, and that is why the art of architecture is the one dead art at this time. In the painter's art there is vitality. The successful use of color and modern sentiment and life are a part of the art of the modern painter. The art of the landscape painter has developed absolutely and wholly since the art of architecture began its decline. The art of the sculptor does not rest on the traditions of the past. The art of music—the greatest of all arts—is of relatively recent origin. Wagner was a Philistine to the old school. Richard Strauss was another. Each stepped out of the old circle. Each came a little nearer the great Divine. Wagner saw God, and his art lives. Strauss saw God, and he is alive. The art of architecture is without the spirit of the Infinite. It rests upon the traditions and spirit and the inspiration of the distant past.

How absurd is it that one art, the art of architecture, should be absolutely and wholly controlled by ancient tradition, by Greek architecture of the fifth century B. C., by the Roman architecture of centuries later, and again by the Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There was, of course, an intermediate Byzantine architecture, and the most rational architecture the world has known, that of the thirteenth century, but the architecture of the sixteenth century is the last new note.

The art of architecture is the one hide-bound art. Building has made advances, but architecture has not. We do not ask for literature of the thirteenth century before we will read the books. We do not ask for sculpture of the time of the fifth century B. C. before we will consider that of to-day. We do not ask the sculptor of to-day to do the work exactly as it was done five hundred years B. C. We do not ask our artists, our painters to paint and to color as did Michael Angelo, and Raphael, and Velasquez. The world has greater colorists and greater draughtsmen than any of these, and they are the painters of modern times. We accept the spirit and efforts and technique of modern musicians and of modern artists in literature, the sculptors, painters and orators, but we do not go to the literary artist and painter or the sculptor or the musician and say to him: "Of what period is your art?" We consider within ourselves whether or not he represents the spirit of our time. This is not true of the art of architecture. We ask for its pedigree before we acknowledge its excellence. There is modern building but there is no modern architecture. Literature does not carry with it the ball and chain of the sixteenth century. Music is the newest and greatest of all arts. It carries with it none of the impediments of the past. The art of architecture is the art of resuscitation. Since the sixteenth century it has not been an art of creation. The art of architecture is the one dead art at this time.

LOUIS H. GIBSON.

GEORGE GOULD'S PERSONALITY.

Some Facts About the Man Who Has Built Up a Great Railroad System.

Brooklyn Eagle.

On all great enterprises many brains are required to plan the details that go to make up the whole work. But back of all there must be one head—there must be the general, the master mind. The most prejudiced must admit that in the building up of the Wabash and the Missouri Pacific systems there have been displayed remarkable head work and keen foresight. The big transcontinental scheme was not the ebullition of a dreamer who, because he had millions at his beck and call, believed that he had to but express his imperial will and his desires would be put in execution. He knew that it takes something besides mere money to build railroads across continents. Every little objection and every possible hitch was seen intuitively in advance. First the obstacles were considered and then ways to overcome them were devised. No expert chess player ever planned a game so far ahead as this wonderful game of railroads was planned.

George Gould, without question, is the head and the brains of the Gould system. "He has had the greatest men in the country about him," said a close associate to the writer, "men who have guided him in all his big operations with their advice and helped him with their fortunes, but Gould is the man. He has the most wonderful grasp of details of any one in the railway world to-day. Recently he made a journey covering the entire Gould system for the purpose of inspecting everything in connection with it. He knows the mechanical as well as the financial side of every road—big or little—in the whole system. His father was a wonderful man, but in organizing ability and for adroitness in planning into the future and skill in circumventing all who oppose him, he never in all his railroad experience approached his son.

The personality of George Gould is interesting from the fact that he has been more or less in the public eye since he took charge of the affairs of his father's estate. He has a settled, determined manner, and an unusually serious turn of mind. In height he is medium, rather inclined to a sturdy frame, with a well sloped head, firmly set on broad shoulders. His eyes are bright and snappy, but not large. His nose is small and straight, his chin firm and jaws square and unwavering. His feet and hands are small. He dresses always fashionably, but in the best of taste.

Gould was graduated from Columbia College when he was quite young. He will be forty years old next February. After his studies were finished he took a tour of Europe, and on this trip purchased the schooner yacht Hildegarde, owned by the Prince of Wales. On his return home, which was on the day before he became of age, he entered at once the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company as a clerk. There he developed such an aptitude for detail that his father depended upon his assistance more and more. The young man put in eight and ten hours a day at his desk, and sometimes his office light was burning far into the night. During his long hours at the office he found time to master the art of telegraphy, becoming an expert at the keys. A telegraph instrument is placed in his city and country houses, always keeping him in close touch with the office.

When Gould was a young man all his pleasures had a tinge of business in them. When he bought a riding horse he bought him at the lowest possible figure, and always calculated on selling him at a neat profit when through with him. He never was much of a talker, but what he said was always to the point.

"I don't believe George Gould ever told a funny story in his life," said an old friend of his to the writer, but I don't hold with others that he is utterly lacking in appreciation of humor. There were certain stories that were favorites of his, and his attitude toward a story was the same as toward a friend—he never grew tired of either. I know in college there was a young fellow who once told a story about a German running to catch a ferryboat. The student told it with the German accent and with great particularity. He related how the German went tearing down the street, knocking over baby carriages and stumbling over dogs in his efforts to catch the boat before it pulled out. Finally the man got to the pier just as the ferryboat was six feet from the dock and with a superhuman spring leaped out over the tide, landing on the deck and knocking over the captain.

"Vell, py chimminies I vos make dot boat, anyvays!" cried the delighted German all out of breath.

"But the captain, picking himself up and brushing his clothes, swore like a pirate and exclaimed:

"'You crazy idiot, the boat is just coming in.'

"Ten years after George Gould left college this same man told the same story one night at a banquet at which George Gould was present. George laughed as heartily at it as he did the first time he heard it. 'I always did like that story,' said he.

"Another thing that illustrates his grasp of details so far as his roads are concerned is a little incident that occurred in the office of the Missouri Pacific one day. Gould happened to be passing through the outer office when one of the clerks was asking another the name of a certain employe in a minor station along the line. Gould stopped for a minute to hear the other man's reply. But the other man did not know the employe's name. Gould gave the information quietly and went into his private office. I will venture that he knows the names of more employes in subordinate positions on the different roads in his system than any other person connected with the companies. He is a great stickler for accuracy and he requires all of his men, when they are asked a question, to know what they are talking about when they answer. Guess work will not do. If a man does not know, he wants him to say so frankly. But he is a most just man to work for. The proof of this is that in the employ of the Gould roads are many men who worked for years for the elder Gould.

George Gould never speculates personally on Wall street, as it was necessary for Jay Gould to do in order to protect his property by some great coup on the Stock Exchange. The son's interests rest on a much firmer foundation than the elder's, and he has a much larger circle of rich associates to rally to his aid in times of flurries on the street. Whatever business is necessary to be done on the stock market is performed by brokers. Although surrounded by many old and trusted employes George Gould works harder than any of them, and the long hours of his youthful clerical days are still continued. He reaches his office promptly at 10 each morning. About 1 o'clock his luncheon is brought to him and is eaten in the office. The luncheon is always modest. Frequently it is ordered from the unpretentious restaurant in the Western Union building patronized by the employes.

While Jay Gould was fitting his son to fill his place in the business world he took care to educate him in all the branches that would be useful to him in after years. While he did not want him to be a speculator, it was necessary for him to obtain a thorough knowledge of the ways of the street. For many years Jay Gould had been a partner in the brokerage business with Washington E. Connor. In 1885 Jay Gould withdrew from this partnership, and George Gould took his place. There he remained until he became conversant with the ins and outs of the street and the exchange, under the tutelage of the master broker of the metropolis.

And all this training in youth prepared him to fill the place that his father had filled. When the full responsibility came to him he showed himself not only able to do what his father had done before him, but to go still further and weave together the odds and ends of an indefinite jumble of railroads into a definite and complete whole, in competition with the greatest systems in the world.

But apart from his business side every man has a social, a home side. George Gould is like his father in his love for his home. It is there that he seeks his rest and his recreation.

Opportunity.

"I have no skill to lead," he cried.
"But see, the breach within the wall!"
He grasped a bugle at his side
And blew a battle-call.

They followed where the bugle rang;
They smote the crumbling wall to ground—
Foremost within the breach he sprang.
The man the hour had found!

—Blanche Trennor Heath, in November Lippincott's.

GIRL OF HUMBLE PARENTAGE BECOMES A COUNTESS

The Count George Ujfalussy de Ujfalu met his bride while on a pleasure trip through the States. The death of a wealthy uncle summoned him home recently, so that the couple married hastily and set out for Hungary, where the count comes into the considerable estate of his dead relative. The count's wife is of humble parentage.

TIN DEPOSITS OF ALASKA.

Said to Be More Valuable Than the Gold Mines of That Country.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

W. B. Robb and E. R. Wright, two Alaska miners who arrived in the city yesterday afternoon, bring reports of the uncovering of vast deposits of tin in the York district on the Bering sea, about ninety miles northeast of Nome. Coupled with the reports of the enormous increase of the gold output of the Cape Nome district for the present year, the reports of these men place an almost fabulous value upon the new discoveries and developments of the tin mines. Practically the entire tin of the world comes from the mines of Wales, but they assert that the Alaska mines are so rich in metal that the tin of the world hereafter will be produced from American mines. To back up their statements they not only show the samples of the ore but also produce bars of the smelted metal.

"These discoveries in the York district, which is located about ninety miles northeast of Nome," said Mr. Robb at the Pfister, yesterday, "were made about two years ago, but neither the extent nor value of the discovery was appreciated at that time. In fact, many of the miners did not know what the ore was until it was fully investigated. In not a few cases, the deposit, instead of being in the form of ore, is practically pure metal, and from careful investigations made, they will run from 56 to 87 per cent. pure tin. The original discovery was made by a man named Joseph Horhan, and the tin is found in big pockets and big pay streaks covering a territory approximately twenty miles square.

"The tin mines of Wales are worked at a profit when they only produce 5 per cent. metal, so the value of the immense deposits can be appreciated. The deposits are so valuable that it is not necessary to put in smelters at the mines, but the ore can be transported to the States as ballast for vessels. Several companies have already been organized to mine this tin, and over forty tons of the metal is unloaded at Seattle at the present time as an evidence of their productiveness. One of the companies was organized by Charles Osborn, of Providence, R. I., and another one at Baltimore by a Miss Steiner. Mining up to this time has been done in the most crude and primitive way, but even under those conditions the extent as well as the certainty of the value of the mines discovered has been ascertained."

Mr. Robb was one of the first men to go into the Klondike and with the discoveries of gold at the Nome district made the trip overland from Dawson to that city, a distance of over 1,900 miles, over the ice.

"People in the States know little or nothing of the immense wealth of Alaska," said he. "The gold output of the Nome district will this year exceed the output of last year by three or four million dollars, and it is only truthful to say that the work of development is only just commencing. The working season this year was fully thirty days shorter than it was last year, on account of the late spring. Mining is conducted in a different plan than it was when the camp was first located. The whole country is an erosion, the glacial drift changing everything, so mining now is getting down to bench and creek sides, while heretofore it has been done in the beds of creeks and streams. Now the old channels of the streams are located and exceedingly rich dirt is found. Next year's production will astonish the world, for without question Nome is the greatest camp ever discovered. The actual value of some of the claims cannot even be approximated.

"Many of the contests and legal difficulties which called the attention of the public to abuses and injustices practiced, are adjusting themselves. Relocating and jumping of claims has been a bad practice and gave the courts plenty of work, but matters are getting down to a better basis.

"I am well acquainted with George Borchsenius, formerly of this State, but now clerk of courts in the Nome district. He has an exceedingly valuable claim and is doing well. His properties, I believe, will make him rich.

"There are only a few Canadians in Nome, but those I have seen appear to be satisfied with the findings of the arbitration commission. We, of course, are a long way remote from any of the territory in dispute.

"The past season has witnessed the forwarding of considerable railroad building, the extensions reaching out in all directions. We have excellent telephone communication with all parts of the district and surveys of roads and lines are being made. We have good schools, a paid fire department and before the close of navigation telegraphic communication with the outside world by the way of St. Michaels, which is ninety miles distant from Nome. The improvements in the way of hydraulic ditches and appliances for mining, enable the miners to handle about six to eight times as much dirt as ever before, and this will result in an enormous gold production."

Messrs. Robb and Wright are resting for a few days in Milwaukee on their way to the East. Their homes are in Maryland, and Mr. Robb was formerly engaged in newspaper work.

How the Bishop Was Cured.

Harper's Weekly.

"When one has lived for years in America without any special title in ordinary conversation," says Bishop Potter, "it is not easy to become accustomed to being hailed as 'my lord' whenever any service is rendered. During my various trips to Europe I found it impossible to go anywhere or do anything without being 'lorded' right and left. At last I was in a fair way of becoming spoiled, when a little occurrence mercifully delivered me. I had reached home, after a run abroad, and while descending the gang-plank met a friend, an old yestryman of mine. He was hurrying on board to receive his wife and daughters. Pausing midway up the plank, he grasped my hand and shouted:

"'Why, hello, Bish! How are you?'"